BRAGIBOUND

My Musings

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Why the gods are angry parts 1-3 compiled

Death used to be something that shifted humanity forward. I mean big death events like genocides and the like. It was the major driving force in societal evolution. Humanity as a whole/collective decided it wouldn't work anymore, that society as a whole would no longer be moved collectively by death.

It didn't work out as planned. It was supposed to lead to finding another way to move on, but instead, it just left people (I mean in general) to stagnate and fester. I think that's one of the reasons the dieties are so mad. They feel that humanity made this plan without any idea how to move it forward. Plus, they recently offered a reprieve to humanity that they feel we rebuked.

And they feel the groups meant to serve them and bring about change decided to indulge in the ideas they were supposed to move on from and transform into something new.

One of the things we were supposed to move away from was feeling good/only feeling good in comparison to others. Very few people outside small groups managed to do so.

Most of you know nothing about respect.

Putting yourself above others is not respect.

Putting singular people or entities above other people is not respect.

Authority is not respect.

False humility is one of the most disgusting things about humanity

The Gods don't want your self-flagellation

They don't want to hear you grovel and swivel and talk about how

insignificant you are.

They also don't want you to flagellate others to feel powerful.

It disgusts them when you look at even those on your own side with an eye of finding ways to dismiss it or belittle.

It doesn't make you look stronger.

Especially not in the eyes of gods.

They see how small you really are.

The gods are offering a very real change right this very moment.

And you are spitting in their eyes.

Assorted poems part 1

1

Praise be you
And all you knew
As things go down the drain
Will it be your heart
Or will it be your brain
That lies slaughtered and slain?

2

Play the game
Win the fame
And see who
Really is to blame

3

Hard as it is
To show your
Face
Let all those
Devils
See their disgrace

4

Who are you
Are you true
Or are you just
A mist?
Never real
No new deal
Watching Never Been Kissed

5

Paint the town
With your frown
Show them you are mad
Leave no trace
In this place
That they ever
Left you sad

6

You are power
In this dark hour
Hacking away
At things you slay
Caught in the fist
Of ebony mist
Your life is a star
Your words are
A fist

7

You walk a line
Like a chair

Filled with hope
And despair

Death becomes you
As us all
Mighty we stand
Mighty we fall

Once up in the air
You sit and wait
For a lady fair

She will come
In the wind
This is a beginning
And an end

Musing on reality

Reality shifting/timeline shifting is not as we currently understand it. Other dimensions are practice areas created by us to subconsciously use our powers of change and manifestation without having to admit that's what we're doing. We can create things in those pocket dimensions and bring them over to our reality, the way people bring items from a storage unit into their main home.

But we create more than just items. We create alternative jobs, marriages, histories. They aren't being experienced, as they are echoes waiting to be worn. Shifting into a new future is creating a new future. Shifting into a new present is taking an echo of ourselves and placing it in our reality. While we don't actually change our past, we can rewrite the present and modify our memories to hide to ourselves what we did.

The Mandella Effect is a bleed-through of unmodified memories. (Sometimes it has mundane causes, too.) We don't want to accept our own power and so therefore we imagine a myriad of reasons why things are happening.

As for reality shifting related to dreaming/going into fictional worlds, that is different. That is shared lucid dreaming in tiny pocket dimensions where several people create stories to play out with one another. There is a mix of real, imaginary, and created (more real than imaginary but not sentient) people in said stories.

Musing on kindness and anger

Things aren't always simple. Treating others how you wish to be treated is not an absolute. It works when you're talking to friends, interacting with strangers in daily life, or when coming across those in need.

And sometimes kindness works with people who confront you with anger or aggression. It can disarm certain situations or help people in the long run if enough people respond with compassion. And there are people who will respond poorly, no matter which option you choose, so choosing kindness isn't for them but for those watching.

But there is a time and place for the harshness of a hammer-fall of words, slung down to stun your opponent. Not everyone is willing to learn, and sometimes it is best to let them know you are not one to back down, or to use your words to drive them away. And sometimes it isn't for them at all, but for those watching on the sidelines.

Witnesses to your actions need chances to see both the power of kindness *and* the power of anger.

But you may be in a situation where anger puts you in danger. You may be in a situation where kindness puts you in danger. What's best for everyone else in that moment may not be the best for you.

While it is noble to sacrifice energy and safety to show the way to others, the person making that sacrifice doesn't always have to be you. You are all worth more than a message. Find your own strength and your own ways to change the world.

Assorted poems part 2

1

Hard to place
This icy fire
That freezes
My heart in
Spiraled spasms
Is it hate?
Or is it fear?
Or something new
And rotten
Perhaps it's a wound
Healing it's own infection
Preparing for the
New flesh underneath

2

The heart wants
To believe
To taste it like a wine
Even when everything
Around is a lie
It grasps for the feeling
Of finding the truth
But sometimes

That feeling
Is an empty
Hollow moon
Feed yourself with reality
Sometimes the truth is
Someone lied
Sometimes the lie is
Someone spoke truth

3

Sing about your day
Dream about night
Sing about everything
That is right
Dream of tomorrow
Dream of today
That feeling you have
Will always stay

4

There are no extremes
Without the path between both
Those who claim otherwise
Don't want to admit
They're stuck
While others
Get to roam

5

Time flows freely
In everything we do
Sifting through our hands
Like pebbles of possibility

Allow all that ever was
And ever will be
To move across your fingers
As you experiment and play
With imaginings
Of what if?
So you can organize your thoughts
Into what now

6

Ghosts of the past
Coming in last
As spirits of today
Don't know what to say
Never forget why you were sent
Or else your words will be twisted and bent

7

Night breeds chaos
That tells you where you are
Never going fast
Ever going far

8

Let the waters
Take your mind
To a different place
A different time
Listen
With all you are
Lose yourself
And go far

Thought exercise on creating

A thought exercise for you to do

Imagine a tapestry glittering with a million lives, all dancing and colliding and exploding in a multitude of colors. Imagine each color as a new thread made of sparks. Watch them in your mind and guide them through unseen fingers to craft a story you want to tell.

Move your hands through the air like a conductor as you focus on the reality you wish to create. Don't just focus on your future or what you wish to invite into your life. Imagine yourself crafting doors and windows, forests, and towns. Make shapes and forms and sculpt them into things no one has ever seen before.

Have fun.

Create.

Silent meditation for use with a flame

-light a candle-

Stare into the flame. Feel the world's pain. This flame cannot be contained

-silent meditation while softly blowing into the flame-

This flame cannot be extinguished. No matter how hard they try

Assorted poems part 3

1

Take a walk
Try not to fear
For the world inside you
Is the world out there

2

Take the time to clear your mind
Of darkness and of light
For if you don't have clarity
You won't know when to fight

3

Your worth lives
Deep inside
Anyone who says otherwise
Well, they lied
Let your soul
Rise like the tide
And I will be there
Right by your side

4

Open the eyes

That see past skies
Foggy with lies
To ask all the whys
To free the thoughts
That often get caught
Truth isn't bought
It's carefully taught

5

Heart's racing
You're in pain
So much to lose
So much to gain
Let these words enter in
Aren't you due
For a win?

6

May all this reaches
Come what may
Find something beautiful
On tomorrow's day

Musing and meditation on ego

Humanity is connected by many things but one of those is a web of comparison. We see, feel, and experience our sense of self by comparison. We are afraid of feeling our accomplishments and inner worth on their own merit, both because we think it's prideful and because we're afraid it won't be enough.

So, we trace the lines that connect us and use them to forge comparisons. We've done this for so long and so strongly that it's become a matrix in our reality. Our skills, our talents, anything positive and even even negative about us, the very core of who we are, is tied to how it compares to the concepts of others. We will even invent comparisons where none exist.

Our actions and self do not change with these, but the feeling is so strong we cannot live without it. Don't try to break such a strong bond. Start with taking a breath and trying to feel yourself as a single entity, starting with the worth at the core of your soul. Then build upon that, adding the natural things about you that you take pride in, and the natural things about you that you resent. Feel them in a vacuum, as they are, with no connection to the outside world.

Now add those things you see as accomplishments and those things you see as failures. Experience them in isolation, letting the feelings wash over you. Stand in this moment for as long as you can.

Now bring yourself back to the world, back to the connections that surround us in all that we do. Are those connections a little clearer, a little purer? Whether they are or not, you did something very brave in allowing yourself this moment and I am proud of you.

Prayer for the journeying soul

Not everything's a journey
Not everything's a test
Let all who hear these words
Be well and truly blest

Meditation about time

Close your eyes. And feel time. In all its chaos. And all its rhyme

Let it flow past your vision as a sea of what has been, what will be, and what is to come. Cup your hands in the waves and gather those events. Pause to see what you've caught and then release it back into the current.

Watch as each action flows back to where it came from, to reconnect to the chain of cause and effect. Slap your hand in the water. Watch it ripple and return to the linear time you're familiar with. Swirl your fingers around and watch it spiral out.

This is time. Something that flows and ripples and only comes back together because we expect it to.

Open your eyes and try to look at time the same way.

Musing and meditation about humility

Sometimes we hide our true selves to make others comfortable. Sometimes the world expects false humility in the form of low self-esteem and self-deprecation. We're taught to be small and have shame for existing, if our existing does not fit what society expects.

So, close your eyes and take a breath. Tune out all the voices, inside and out that say, be small, hide your light. Take the shame instilled in you for being aware of yourself and your place in the universe. Rip it towards your throat until it spills past your teeth and pours upwards like vomit. Feel it, grieve it, then release it.

It is not yours anymore. It never was. Let the tiny flame of who you are surge upward into light. Let it go up your throat and soothe the sting of shame. Let it pour out of you like a fountain, bathing you in joyous realization for your beautiful place in the universe.

You belong here. On this road, in this place. You deserve to take up space, to command it. Humility isn't hiding or shrinking, it is seeing yours' and others' beautiful places in the world and sharing them together in harmony. Don't let anyone take that from you.

Open your eyes. You are loved. You are love.

Chapter 13

Musing on astral planes

There's no up or down in the astral plane. There's no direction. It's all outward. Direction is a human invention. Things only go out or in, like breath. Each plane, each soul, each thought, goes inward and outward. In is when things are contained within themselves and out is when they meld with each other. In some planes, things are more separated, where you can see each distinct and individual line and spaces between. In other planes, things are less distinct and while you can still make out individual objects and beings, those lines are blurry and blend together in places.

The realms go from sharp delineation between individuals, to ever blurry blends, as things move closer together and lines shift until there are no lines at all and no difference between the individual and the group.

None of these are better or worse. Up, down, high, low, are concepts we use to try and make sense of things are realm is not equipped to understand. We strive to be more connected, but we do not know what that means. Our purpose here is to learn. To both learn to be individuals and learn to come together.

For a new realm is opening. A realm where both can be true, where perfect blending and perfect self-containment happen at the same time. A realm where we are combined as one or separate, but where we are all. Every possibility, single and as one, up and down, high and low.

Don't be afraid to come together, don't be afraid to be apart. For now is the time to be both.

Assorted poems part 4

1

Night of eve
Ever growing late
Set your clocks
Save the date

2

New years
New times
Whatever comes
Sound the chimes

3

People are beautiful
In their chaotic scatteredness
Making designs most beings
Only dream to create
We can teach each other
The secrets of our kind
So, that going forward
The world and beyond
Will become
Something it has never
Been before

Growing
Chaotic
Masterful

4

You rise
You fall
You do it all
It's time
To roam
To find your home
To sit
To stay
To have your say
Welcome home,
Wherever that may be

5

All in time
We will see
Who we are
What will be
Know what to cull
And keep in
This isn't an ending
It's where it begins

Musing on acceptance versus passivity

There's a fine line between acceptance and being powerless. People are not prideful for fighting against oppression or accepting their own abuse. They are not saying they are above the suffering of the world. You are not more worthy for being passive. You are not practicing acceptance by ignoring the pain of the world.

But there is a difference between purposely not fighting back and being unable to fight back. You are not more worthy because you have resources to stand up to your oppression or to stand up for those oppressed. The oppressed you're standing up for are also people, and they are not in their situation because of lack of will.

So remember the difference between humility and complacency, between acceptance and passivity. And remember the difference between weakness and obstacles out of yours' or others' control.

We cannot help each other if we don't understand the nuance between situations, and know when to help, when to ask for help, when to fight, and when to call in those to fight for us. It's an interplay of the common man helping the common man. We can't save each other if we're not willing to be saved by others in return.

Prayer for people

Stand together
In mind and soul
What has been broken
Will be made whole
For with these words
I declare
All that's foul
Will be fair

Spell for change and connectedness

Light your fire
From each other's flame
All beautifully different
But each the same
Fan the blaze
Of hope and change
To bring to ash
What cannot remain
Grow new gardens
In what you unmake
More to give
More to take

Spell for justice

Spell for justice. Repeat these words as many times as you need.

I am with you
I am with you
In this time of need
Light will shine from your
Eyes
Exposing all the lies
We stand tall
All will fall
In this time of need

Spell to destroy lies

All your lies
All your spies
I cut all
Secret ties
From now on
Your favor's gone
Eat the dirt
You've grown
Fall where you stand
We claim this land

Prayer and spell to protect those who suffer

I pray for all those who suffer
All those in pain
You will find freedom
In this very plane
No one shall hurt you
Their actions will fall through
My power is your shield
And I stand by you